

JOURNAL
of
DR. FLUKE
HAWKINS

and MAX!



Quick Kurt, here are the Doctor's
journal and notes! I've tried to
organize them as best I can.
This will explain everything!

Read fast, there's not much time,



Max

"It looks like the
spell-checker is
working again. Good!"

PLAYMATES

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FROM THE JOURNAL OF: DR. FLUKE
HAWKINS

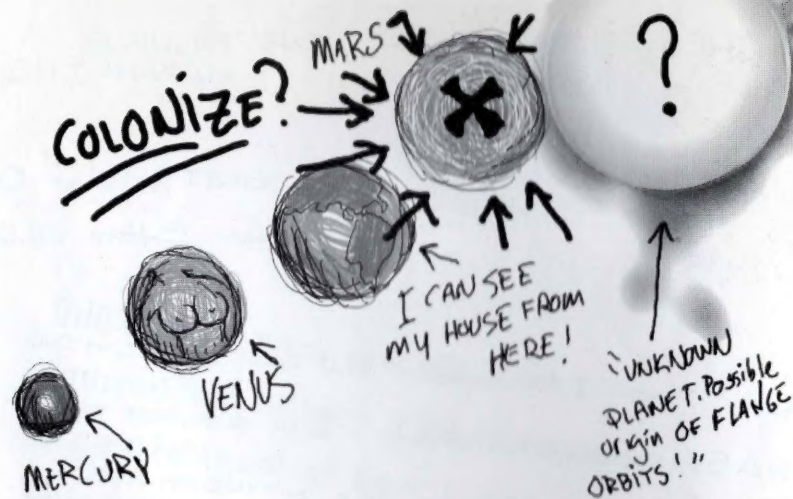
DATE: AUG. 14, 1996

3:45 GMT (BLAST OFF)

JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0001

IT'S ABOUT TIME! I REMEMBER NOW HOW INFURIATING
THOSE NASA BUREAUCRATS AND THEIR BLASTED RED
TAPE ARE WHEN YOU WANT TO GET ANYTHING DONE.
THIS IS MY SHIP, NOT THEIRS, DANG-IT, SO WHAT'S
THE BIG DEAL? THAT ASIDE, MY WORK STUDYING
THE FLANGE ORBITS IS UNDER WAY! OUR TAKE-
OFF WAS A TAD PREMATURE (COUNTDOWN CLOCK MAL-
FUNCTIONED - STUDY PROBLEM LATER), WHICH WOULD
PROBABLY ACCOUNT FOR US BEING ON A COLLISION
COURSE WITH THE SUN FOR SOME TIME. IT'S ALL
FIXED NOW THOUGH, WHICH ALLOWS US TO FOCUS ON
MORE PRESSING MATTERS. THE "FLANGE" MIS-
SION IS SCHEDULED FOR FIVE DAYS, AND
THANK GOODNESS, BECAUSE I CAN ALREADY
SEE KURT'S DESIRE TO RETURN TO EARTH.

NOTE: DON'T USE MY OLD
ALARM CLOCK FOR ANY MORE
COUNTDOWNS.



I'VE DECIDED TO KEEP THIS JOURNAL TO RECORD THE SIGNIFICANT EVENTS OF THE EXPEDITION IN THEIR PROPER ORDER.

(SELF-NOTE: JUST THE MATERIAL THAT WILL ASSIST THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE OF THE NOBEL INSTITUTE IN RECOGNIZING ME FOR MY CONTRIBUTIONS TO ASTRONOMICAL RESEARCH.) IF ANYTHING OF AN EXTRAORDINARY NATURE HAPPENS WHILE WE'RE UP HERE, I'LL PUT IT IN THIS LOG.

THINK OF IT!!

WE'RE NOW IN ORBIT AND MY INSTRUMENTS WILL PROVE TO THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY THE EXISTENCE OF FLANGE ORBITS... THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY OF THE COSMOS SINCE EINSTEIN'S TIME/SPACE WORK (RELATIVITY SPEAKING). I'M GOING TO BE LISTED WITH THE GREATS: COPERNICUS, GALILEO, MARK HAMILL! MOTHER WOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROUD...



SHINY ENT

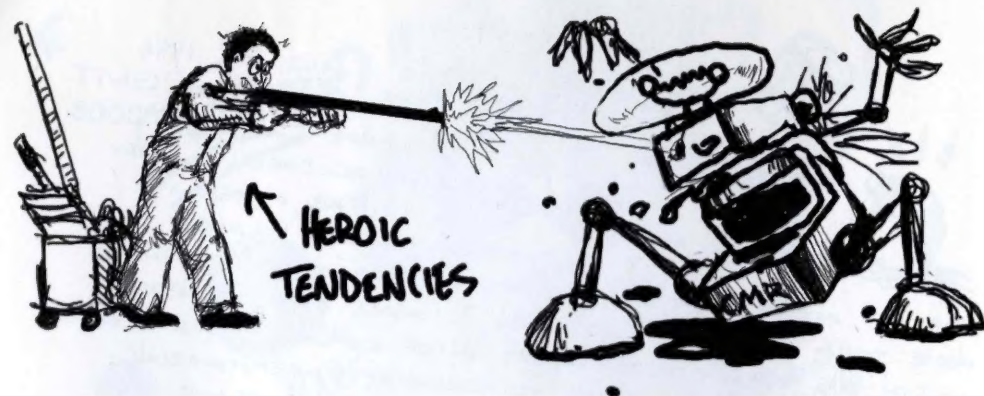
DATE: AUG. 22, 1996
2:43PM GMT
JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0008

HAVE DECIDED TO STAY ON UP HERE AFTER THE DISCOVERY THAT "FLANGE ORBITS" APPARENTLY DON'T EXIST. INSTEAD OF RETURNING HOME TO A WORLD OF RIDICULE, I SHALL STAY UP HERE WITH THE STRICT DETERMINATION OF COMING UP WITH SOME SUREFIRE HIT INVENTIONS TO RECOVER MY REPUTATION. AND THIS ENVIRONMENT OFFERS UP JUST THE PEACE AND QUIET NEEDED. A LOT OF THE "FLANGE" EQUIPMENT CAN BE USED FOR THESE OTHER STUDIES. I'VE ALREADY DISMANTLED THE "FLANGE" THERMOS. HAD WE BEEN CAUGHT IN A DREADED "FLANGE ORBIT" WE CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE NEEDED THE EXTRA HEAT! SINCE THEY DON'T EXIST THE THERMOS WAS MY FIRST CHOICE IN GETTING BACK SOME OF THAT MUCH-CH-CH-CH NEEDED-D-D-D P-P-POWER.

HAS B-B-BECOME EXT-T-T-TREMELY COLD IN HER-T-RE...


well

Okay, scratch the re-do on the FLANGE THERMOS. I'VE TOLD KURT ABOUT MY DECISION TO STAY UP HERE FOR A WHILE LONGER. HE WAS RELUCTANT AT FIRST, BUT ONCE I COOKED MY FAMOUS HUNGARIAN GOULASH, HE LOOSENED UP A BIT. I EXPECT MY WORK TO LAST ONLY ANOTHER WEEK OR SO. BUT TO ENSURE THIS I'M GOING TO NEED A LITTLE MORE HELP AROUND HERE (ROBOT?? SELF-NOTE -- CHECK FILES ON ROBOTICS.) HALFWAY THROUGH MY TEMPER TANTRUM WITH THE ABOVE-MENTIONED EQUIPMENT, I NOTICED THAT I ALSO DISMANTLED THE SHIP'S CLOCK. I'LL HAVE TO FIX IT LATER...



DATE: MAY 10, 1997
(NOT SURE) GMT
JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0201

TODAY I FINALLY FINISHED WORK ON THE CMR (COFFEE MAKING ROBOT), HOWEVER, HAD TO DESTROY IT AFTER IT RADIOED THE SMALL VILLAGE OF BURNAGE, ENGLAND, THREATENING TO "BURN IT TO THE GROUND." BEFORE ITS IMMINENT DEMISE, IT JUMPED OUT THE TRASH CHUTE WITH A BAG OF ONIONS AND A RATHER LARGE CARROT ON A DIRECT COURSE FOR THIS QUIET COMMUNITY JUMP OUTSIDE CUMBRIA. WAS PRETTY SURPRISED AT HOW FAST KURT MANAGED TO BLAST IT - A VERY DIFFICULT SHOT, INDEED!
(SELF-NOTE: CHECK FILES, ANY KNOWN USE FOR HEROISM IN SPACE?) WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER YEAR OF WORK DOWN THE DRAIN. Wow, HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG!

DATE: JUNE 21, 1997  (REALLY NOT SURE)
GMT? JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0232

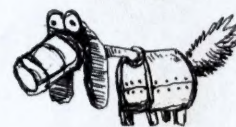


YOUNG KURT IS STILL PRETTY UPSET...
AVOIDS ME LIKE THE PLAGUE MOST OF THE TIME. SAYS HE'S BORED. "NO ADVENTURE IN THIS TIN CAN." TIN CAN!!?? HARRUMPH!!

OKAY, SO I USED PLENTY OF RECYCLED ALUMINUM CANS IN THE HULL, BUT, PLEASE, TIN?? HE REALLY NEEDS TO THINK OF THIS SHIP AS HIS HOME.



WELL, ON TO BETTER NEWS! I'VE STARTED WORK ON A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED "WORKER DOG" WHO WILL BE MORE THAN MY RIGHT HAND UP HERE. I'LL GIVE HIM THE BULK OF THE CHORES (THAT SHOULD LIGHTEN KURT'S MOOD A BIT), AND TEACH HIM THE FINE ART OF LISTENING. IF NOTHING ELSE, IT SHOULD GIVE KURT SOMEONE ELSE TO TALK TO.



I THINK I'LL CALL HIM "BONES," AFTER THOSE HARD WHITE THINGS ONE FINDS IN MANY ANIMALS.





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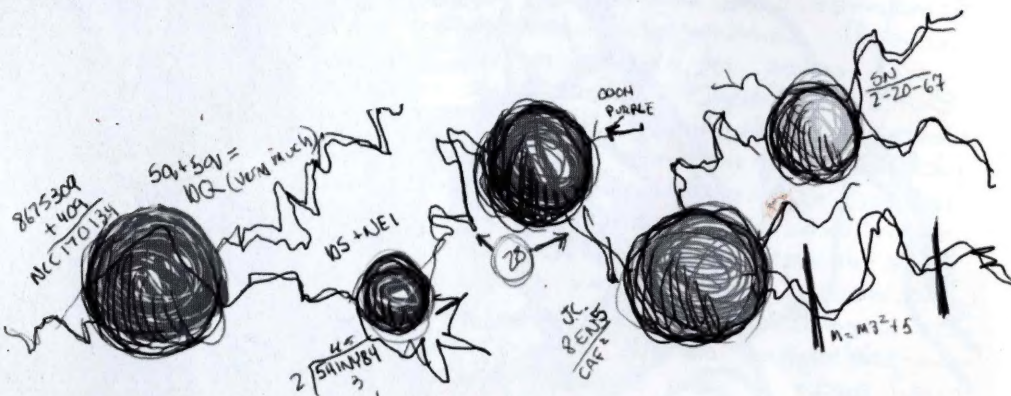
DATE:
MAY 8, 1998
(?) GMT
JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0445

It's over a year now since ~~BONES~~ ^{MAX} was created (or "Max" as Kurt insists on calling him!?!). He does perform well when he wants to, but I can't help thinking I've made him too intelligent, because, well, he resents having to work for me! He'd rather be working on his own inventions or just studying and tending to his vegetable patch which he built on top of the ship. (SELF-NOTE: Research project - simulated life forms and their study habits: what gives?) Anyway, thank goodness I didn't give him vocal cords, or rather forgot to....

But, all in all, I think he turned out well, even though he does have six arms. You see, when I asked the computer to make the dog useful, it, in all its "logic," simply gave the dog an added set of paws - not exactly the idea I had in mind, but they have proved useful in his super high speed K9 sign language. Yes, a very intelligent dog indeed. His learning rate is remarkable! He's already mastered most of the basic functions of the ship and even built a new coffee machine - a feat impossible up till now. Of course, there's still the small problem that we don't actually have any coffee, but hopefully this will be remedied in the near future.

BUT AS WITH MOST THINGS, THE ACHILLES SEAL IS ALWAYS BARKING AT US. YOU SEE, ~~BMAX~~ ONE FLAW IS THAT HE'S EXTRAORDINARILY HIGHLY STRUNG. HE'S CONSTANTLY RUNNING ABOUT TRYING TO FULFILL ALL OUR WISHES AT ONCE, BUT WITHOUT HAVING HEARD ANY OF THE COMMANDS - HE'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CALM DOWN!

THOUGHT ABOUT CREATING A SECOND, PERFECTED WORKER-DOG, BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH ALL MY NOTES WENT MISSING. BESIDES, I'M ONTO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS: "THE WORLD'S SMALLEST NUCLEAR EXPLOSION" - NO BIGGER THAN A MATCHBOX AND NOT MUCH MORE DEVASTATING! NOW, IF ALL THE SUPERPOWERS OF THE WORLD COULD SIMPLY REPLACE THEIR BIGGER WEAPONS WITH THESE WE WOULD SURELY BE ON THE ROAD TO PEACE. HMM, I NEVER RECKONED MYSELF ACTUALLY DESIGNING AN INVENTION FOR WORLD PEACE, BUT, THIS SEEMS TO BE THE CASE. I'M SURE, THIS IS THE ONE INVENTION THAT'LL WIN BACK MY REPUTATION DOWN THERE!



(SELF-NOTE: I DID PUT THE CAT OUT BEFORE I. LEFT, RIGHT?)

DATE: AUGUST 1, 1998 (?) GMT
JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0466

BIG NEWS!! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT DWARFS THE FLANGE ORBIT THEORY THAT BROUGHT US UP HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!! AN ELECTRIC ANOMALY HAS MANIFESTED IN THE FRINGE AREAS OF OUR GALAXY. ALIEN LIFE? PERHAPS. OR IS IT MERELY AN ELECTRIC ANOMALY THAT HAS MANIFESTED IN THE FRINGE AREAS OF OUR GALAXY? THIS REQUIRES A GREATER DEGREE OF STUDY THAN I CAN DEVOTE TO IT, SO ~~BMAX~~ ^{MAX} HAS HAD TO PICK UP THE SLACK WHILE I CONCENTRATE ON MY OTHER KEEN EXPERIMENTS (I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF DEVELOPING AN AUTOMATIC PAGE TURNER -

NUCLEAR-BLAST-PROOF, OF COURSE!)
the most beautiful dog I've ever seen
FOR ~~AN OLD~~ LOOKING DOG, HE CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY AROUND THE SHIP - BETTER THAN BEING BEATEN SENSELESS WITH A GUITAR FULL OF EGGNOG ON A COLD EVENING IN THE ANTARCTIC.

DATE: NOVEMBER 5, 1999

(?) GMT

JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0601

I'M CONTINUING MY STUDY OF THE STRANGE "STREAM" EFFECT THAT NOW SEEMS TO BE HOPPING FROM ONE PLANET TO THE NEXT, TOWARDS THE INNER PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM. AFTER SOME INTENSE STUDYING AND BRILLIANT CALCULATIONS, I'VE DETERMINED THAT THIS PHENOMENON (THE ELECTRICAL STREAMS) ARE TRULY GIGANTIC IN SIZE! YOU SEE, MY RESEARCH INDICATES THE FARTHER AWAY AN OBJECT IS, THE SMALLER IT APPEARS TO THE HUMAN EYE -- THE ONLY EXCEPTION, OF COURSE, IS THE SUN. NOW, WITH THIS NEWLY FOUND DATA I HYPOTHE-
SIZE THAT THE STREAM IS NOT IN FACT GROWING IN MASS, BUT ACTUALLY COMING OUR DIRECTION

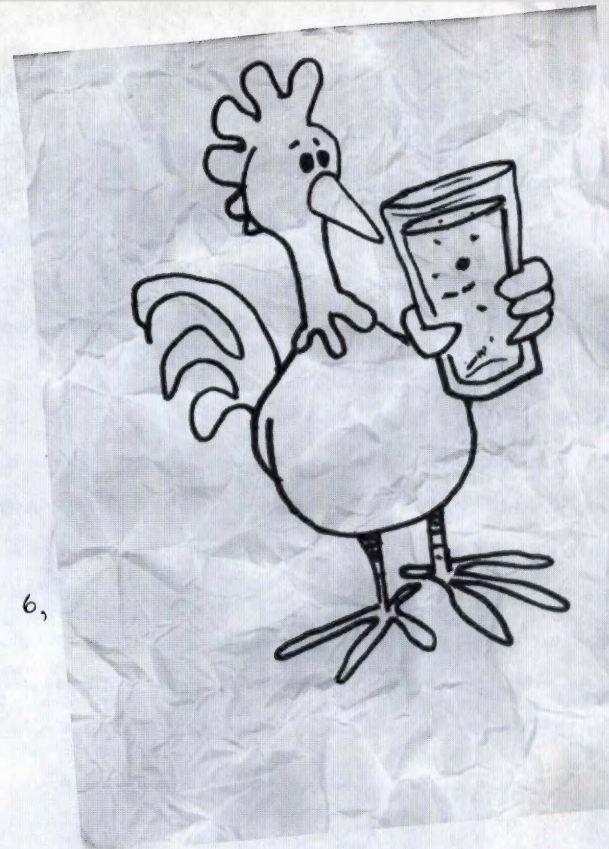


AT AN ALARMING RATE OF SPEED!
Okay, ~~BOBES~~^{MAX} AND I ARE DOING THE STUDYING... IT ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE IT'S COMING CLOSE ENOUGH TO OUR POSITION TO ALLOW US TO STUDY IT CLOSE UP. (SELF NOTE: IT'S AS IF THE FORCE BEHIND THE STREAM HAD BEEN STUDYING OUR SYSTEM BEFORE ENTERING IT.) I'VE NOTIFIED EARTH OF MY FINDINGS AND SENT THEM A NICE BASKET OF ~~BOBES~~^{MAX'S} ORANGES, YET THEY ALL SEEM UNCONCERNED. HEY, IT'S THEIR BARBECUE...

OH, THAT'S BETTER! I'VE ALWAYS HATED THAT PEN. NOW, AS I WAS SAYIN...

AAA AARRGGGHHH
WE'VE BEEN HIT!!!
AAAGGHHH H H H H H H H H

THE STREAM
IS HERE.... EARTH
IS IN DIRECT
PATH MUST--
WARN-- NO--
TIME--



DATE: NOVEMBER 6,

No GMT

JOURNAL ENTRY

00.0601

PRETTY UNEVENTFUL DAY. HAD A NICE LIE-IN THIS MORNING. THE PLACE IS A MESS. ~~BOBES~~^{MAX} IS REALLY SHIRKING HIS DUTIES. THINKING OF POSSIBLY BUILDING SOME SORT OF CONTRAPTION FOR A RETURN TO EARTH. WELL, THAT'S ABOUT IT... HAD A STRANGE DREAM LAST NIGHT ABOUT CHICKENS, AND WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF EACH OF US HAD A TWIN WHO WAS A CHICKEN! HMM, A STRANGE WORLD INDEED, BUT I ASK YOU... WOULD IT BE BETTER???

DATE: NOVEMBER 7, 1999
 No GMT
 JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0602

**DAMMIT!! THE STREAMS!!
 I COMPLETELY FORGOT!!!
 DISASTER!!!!!!!!!!!!**

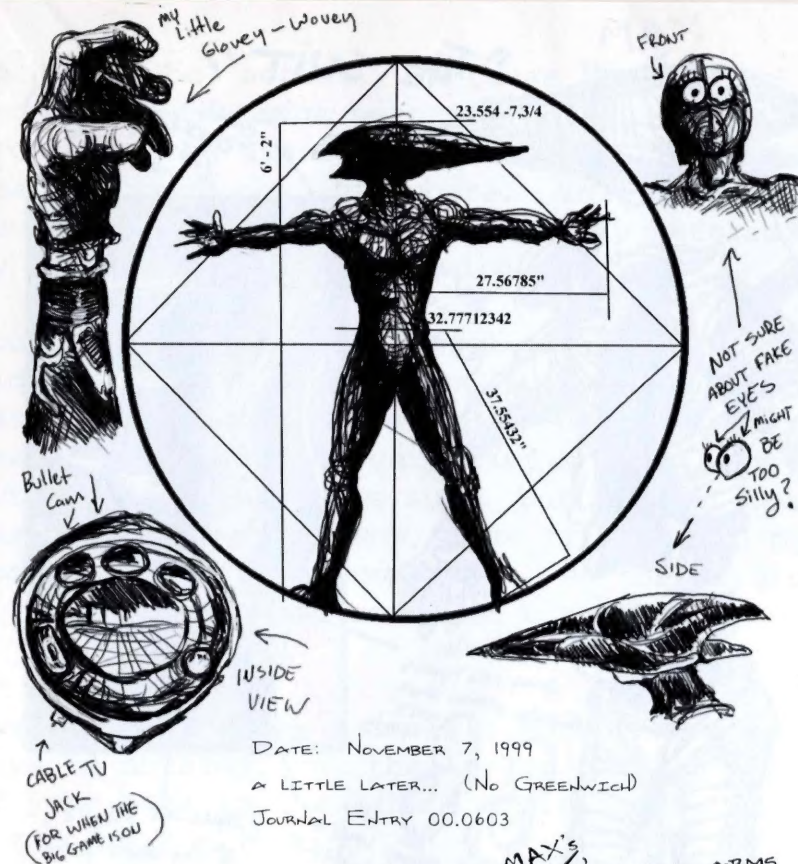
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HAVE JUST BEEN MONITORING THE TELEVISION SIGNALS FROM EARTH.
 IT APPEARS SOME GIANT BLACK AND WHITE STORM HAS BLOWN UP!
 STRANGELY ENOUGH IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE TELEVISION STATIC.
 LUCKILY THIS STORM ABATED LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN THAT ALIENS WHO
 CALL THEMSELVES "STREAMRIDERS," LED BY SOMEONE CALLED GUNTER
 GLUT, HAVE TAKEN OVER THE WORLD! THEY'RE DRIVING ENORMOUS
 MINING CITIES AND ARE MOST LIKELY AFTER THE EARTH'S ENTIRE
 POTATO CROP! THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'S JUST THE RICH MINERAL AND
 METAL DEPOSITS. NEVERTHELESS, IN THE PROCESS THEY ARE RUNNING
 OVER THE EARTH'S MOST PROMINENT CITIES AND LEAVING NOTHING
 BUT SCORCHED, BLACKENED GROUND IN THEIR WAKE.

**WHY DO THEY
 ALWAYS PICK THE
 MOST PROMINENT CITIES,**

**OH WHY, OH WHY,
 OH WHY, OH WHY,
 OH WHY!!!**

ALL THE EARTH'S DEFENSE FORCES HAVE BEEN SHATTERED!
 THE FEW PEOPLE WHO ESCAPED THE DESTRUCTION ARE IN NO CONDITION
 TO FIGHT BACK!!
 AND THEY'VE JUST CANCELLED THANKSGIVING!!!
 MUST THINK OF SOMETHING...



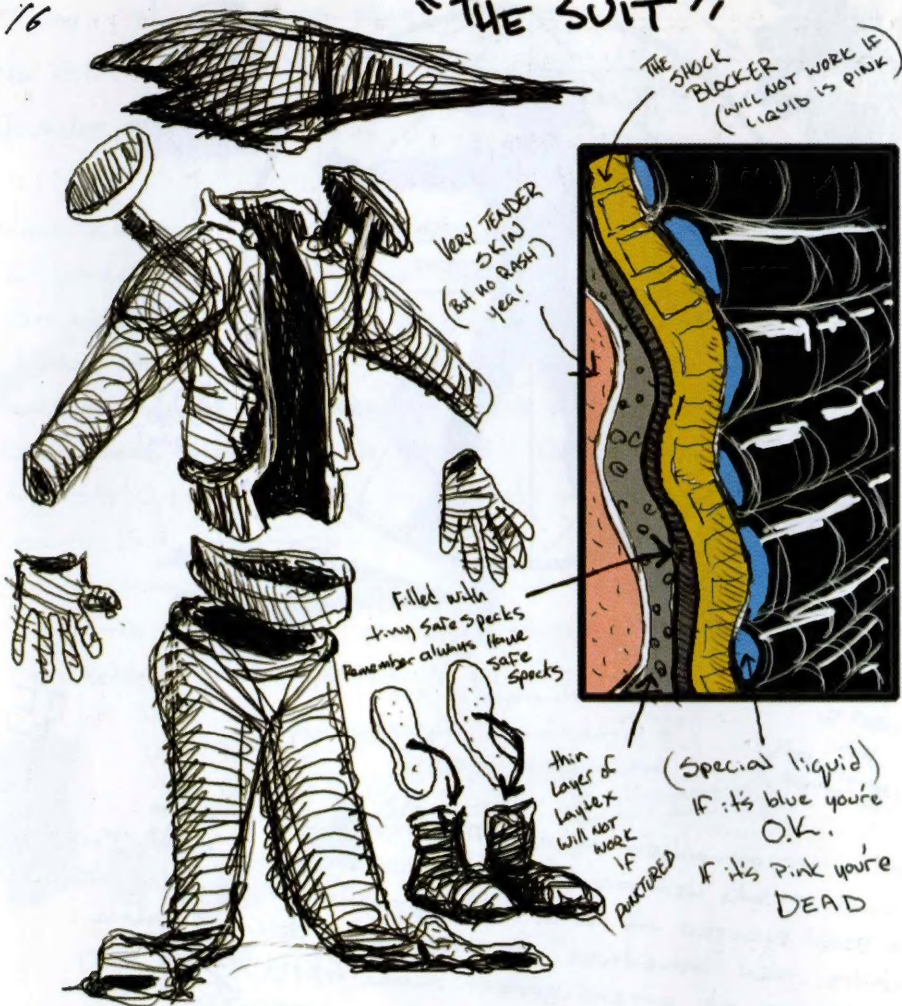
DATE: NOVEMBER 7, 1999
 A LITTLE LATER... (NO GREENWICH)
 JOURNAL ENTRY 00.0603

15

DUE TO MY ADVANCED YEARS AND ~~MAX'S~~ ~~BOES~~ EXTRA ARMS
 (DISQUALIFYING HIM FROM EVEN FITTING IN THE SUIT), KURT
 HAS BEEN ELECTED AS HERO. IF "ADVENTURE" IS WHAT HE
 WANTS, THEN "ADVENTURE" IS WHAT HE'LL GET. I SHALL
 SUPERVISE THE ENTIRE EFFORT ALONG WITH ~~MAX'S~~ ~~BOES~~ WHO,
 AGAINST HIS WISHES, WILL NOT BE ACCOMPANYING KURT.
 HAVE BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT ON INVENTIONS TO SEND
 WITH HIM. THANK THE STARS THE COFFEE MACHINE WAS
 FIXED! AND, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, MOST WERE READY
 AND WAITING IN STORAGE - ALL THE FRUITS OF MY WORK
 OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS. THEY JUST NEEDED SOME
 ADAPTING, WHICH ~~MAX'S~~ ~~BOES~~ HAS OFFERED TO HELP WITH. SO
 HERE ENDS MY DIARY. I SHALL FOLLOW THIS WITH A
 MISSION BRIEFING.
 NOW IT'S UP TO KURT TO SAVE THE REMAINING POPULATION
 FROM COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.



"THE SUIT"



Kurt's Instruction Manual
by Dr. Fluke Hawkins

All right my boy, let's get started. I have assembled a few bits and pieces for you.

Dr. Hawkins "Amazing" Coil Suit:

Due to the hostile environments you are about to enter, what with the aliens shooting at anything that moves, really, I thought you could use some mobile armor plating (that doesn't chafe). This is a special suit and a darned tough one at that.

MAX

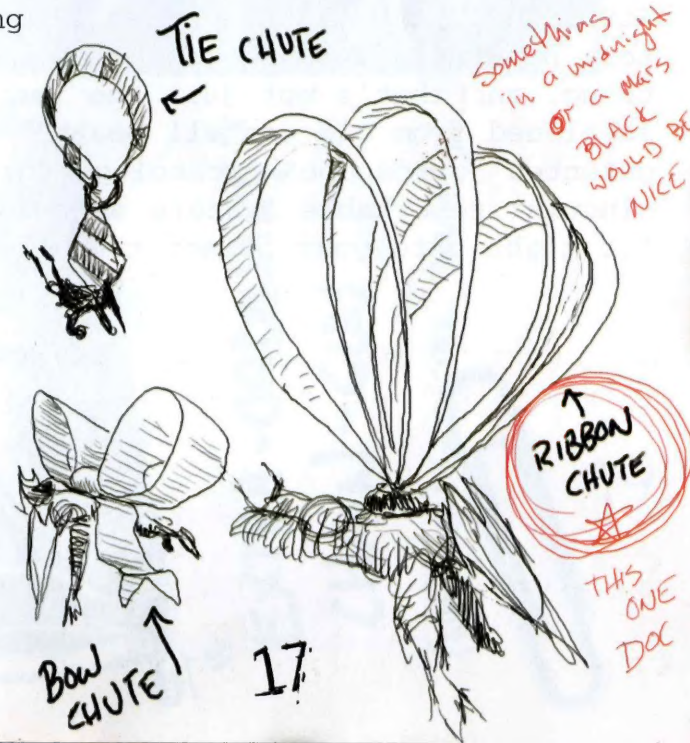
It has to be, actually, because ~~Bones~~ and I have determined that the best way for you to gain access to the Mining Cities is via free fall from space through the atmosphere. This Coil Suit was developed by me using revolutionary materials from my nuclear-blast-proof sewing machine.

You will find it most useful in repelling the side-effects of direct hits from enemy fire and fast moving projectiles (i.e., bullets, missiles, bees, and small, but very hard sticks). They won't actually penetrate the suit, but they'll leave a nasty welt or two. Now, I've tried it on myself and it's got a real comfy fit, so that's nice! Sorry, son, it only comes in black.

MAX's

Dr. Hawkins "incredible" Ribbon Chute:

Now, you'll notice a small lump on the shoulder... this is nothing, but the larger mass in the center of your back is the Ribbon Chute. It's an invention I'm looking forward to seeing because, quite frankly, it hasn't been tested before. It's there to stop you from hitting the ground and you can open and retract it as often as you like. Now, let's proceed to the fun part...



[edited by Max]

GUNS

You will certainly need them because these "Mine Crawlers" are inundated with very nasty aliens. You see, Kurt, I don't think these creatures are the bargaining types, so instead, you'll just have to rip their heads off and mail them to Timbuktu. Now, I know that you're not big on killing things, but we do have an Earth to save now, don't we! Of course, if you don't want to be the ringleader of this CIRCUS FROM HELL, you could always try sneaking past the guards - just a thought.

So here's the arsenal you'll start with:

Dr. Hawkins "Extraordinary" Chain-Gun:

First up is the Chain-gun - a pretty self-explanatory hand-held weapon except for one special thing, and that's not just the fact that it's fashioned from old seagull beaks! Due to my new patented "gyroscope" technology this gun has the singular remarkable feature of being adjustable to fit right onto your helmet to become...



"EXTRA-ORDINARY"
CHAIN-GUN
(WITH NEW GYROSCOPIC THINGY)

Dr. Hawkins "Ineffable" Sniper Gun:

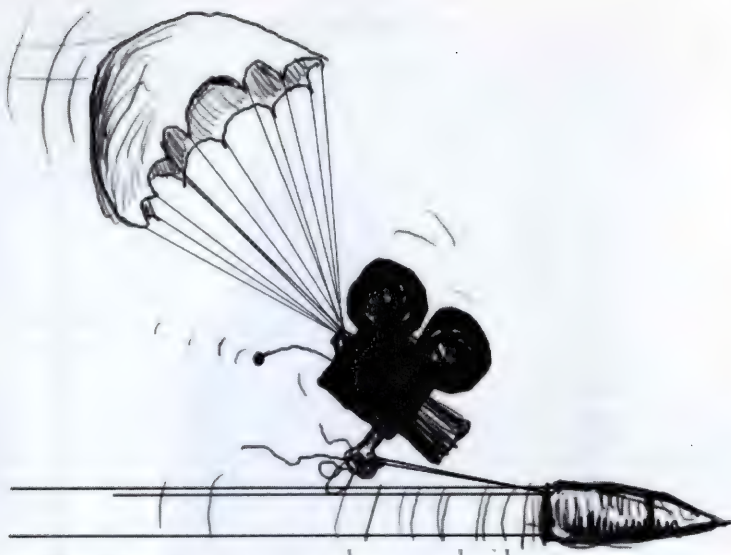
Here's the cool part - you can attach the chain-gun to your faceplate and it morphs into a long range sniper gun! This is another one of my almost-tested inventions (it should work, Kurt, trust me, the figures don't lie). It was originally intended for bird spotting but for fun I merged it with my sniper rifle. Unfortunately the automatic target and firing system never really proved that helpful for the birds. But as I'm sure you're aware, Kurt, some of the best inventions come from failed attempts at something else. (Look at ~~Max~~ Bones.) Remember, son, you can never look at a gifted horse in his house - and this piece of philosophy has surely been my blessing in life.

The sniper gun has been modified since to provide you the maximum amount of control. Once you lock it into position, you ~~begin the slow process of self-asphyxiation~~ you can zoom in on those goobers and blast them into another reality! (WOW!!!)

Although ~~Max~~ Bones keeps nagging me to go along with you, I have decided that he should stay here. Who knows the mayhem he would cause down there? Besides, without his help up here the sniper gun would never have had the three "Bullet Cams" above the crosshairs. Whoops, haven't I mentioned this? Here, let me explain with a quick diagram...

"INEFFABLE SNIPER GUN"





Bullet Cam

Since we built a mini camera on the end of each projectile, you will be able to view its path of destruction. Now be careful here, such close devastation can get pretty gory.

So, you got the guns, you got the suit... Now for the mission itself. I've entitled it

"MISSION: DELIVER KINDNESS"

Read on for the details...

J253758

MISSION: DELIVER KINDNESS
or
STOP THE BIG MINE CRAWLERS

Intelligence Report I: From what our Intelligence sources indicate (You got me, it's me and Bones looking at things from our lab), each Mining City is equipped with a master "driver." In order to stop the destruction, you've got to get to the end of the city and revoke his license, or rather, blow his brains out! This should stop the Miner's rampaging path of devastation across the land, and hopefully send them back through the stream to wherever they came from.

Intelligence Report II: It has come to our attention that some people are clever (i.e., Intelligent), while others are not so, or in this case, (unintelligent).

Time Considerations I: There's no delicate way to put this -- the longer you take to complete your mission, the more people will die. But, hey, no pressure, huh? You just have to keep focused on the job at hand and push those roaming alien slime-buckets off our planet. If you fail (not that you will, mind you, Bones and I have all the confidence in the world in you, lad), but, say if you should happen to fail, then I can get right to work on my Mars Colonization Project. As a back up, that's all! You're going to do fine, my boy, just fine!

CONFIDENTIAL

Mars Colonization Feasibility Study Needed Immediately!!!

Time Considerations II: A clock.
Morgan Freeman: A talented actor known for his charitable work with fish.



Entry I: Your initial departure involves an extended free fall into Earth's atmosphere from our ship. The suit has been designed to protect you from re-entry burns, but you'll have to avoid detection from the enemy's radar. Once they lock-on to you they will make it very difficult to hit the ground as anything more sizable than a pile of ashes.

Entry II: A door.
Snow White: A remarkable story about a wolf who befriends three pigs all, coincidentally, named Sally. Bear this in mind if you ever want to get out of this alive!

Extraction I: Here's the story -- I haven't quite figured out how I'm going to get you back up here. Sorry. With all the inventing, planning and redesigning going on up here, I just haven't gotten to it yet. The good news is that by the time you stop the Streamrider invasion I should have this last little kink figured out. Trust me.

Extraction II: A painful operation I'd rather not go in to.

The Cheese Sandwich: A snack which is very easy to make and tastes delicious! It is greatly revered and was often offered as a sacrifice in Neolithic Britain.

If you can handle all of the above, you're ready to go.

I now pass you over to ~~Boxes~~ ^{MPX} who will update you on the continuing plight of the Sahara dung beetle and its struggle for survival in an ecosystem all too one sided against it.



Thank you verymuch Doctor Hawkins. Well, Kurt here iz the scoop.....

09:47 am GMT, somewhere over Kirkcaldy, Scotland
As you can see by the clock reading, (I fixed the clock so we know whut time it iz), there is not much time! Now, about the aliens -
- they can revert their beings from solid to pure energy, thereby transversing the electromagnetic STREAM that they use as an intergalactic freeway for there gargantuan Mining Cities. They strip the planets crust down past the bedrock whilst extracting minerals every second that they are allowed to do so, so it's up to you to stop them from hurting the planeearth.

They are preparing the world for compleet takeover and have run over some of the most famous ones in their treks:

Laguna Beach, USA

Lindfield, USA

Kirkcaldy, Scotland

Livingston, Scotland

Sparrow Pit, England

Oh the humanity, Kurtt, the humanity! Every second counts, you MUST save the Earth and kome back safe, safe, safe, because... um, you know, uh....

Wait a minute, I lost my train of thought.
OH! That's righht!

I want to see the world you grew up in cuz I have only seen pictures in the encyclopedia discs and I want to know more about more people and humanity too. If you happen to find any female dogs whilst you're doown there, please bring her backwith you. I'm interested in meeting the species I came from before they become too extinct. Please save the world, buddy.

RAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!! QUICK, KURT!!! JUMP OUT OF THE SHIP!!!!!!!!
NOW!!! HURRYYY!!!!!!!!!!!! NO, NO!!!!!!!!
WAIT!!!!!!!!!!!!WAIT!!!!!!!!!!!!

PUT ON THE COIL SUITT FIRST!!!!!!!!!!

(that was a close one!!!!)

You probably need my help, don't you, yeah I know, I know, no need to answer...well I'll see what I can do...you know it's not easy for me...the Docotr's needs my help with his experiments and won't even let me come with you! WHY!!! I hear you yelling, screaming, begging in my ear, fighting against this GREAT INJUSTICE to one such as I. Well, I shall answer you in the coolest, calmest signing I can muster up.

I DON'T KNOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

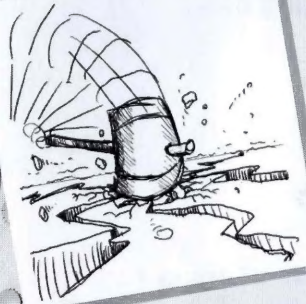
I want to be right there by your side, backing you up at every corner. I too want a world of peas; I too want a day in the sun where I hear dogs playing in harmony together; yes, I want all these things AND MORE!!!

Right, well, I'll deal with that later.

Oh no, the Doctor's waking, the Doctor's waking!!! I've got a secret powerup for you Kurt. I'll be sending it the second it's finished. Right, have to get going now, so little time, so much to do...
It's up to you now, Kurt, don't fail us.

Great! Now I have to fix
the spell -checker too...

Keep in mind, Kurt, that you are not alone in your mission. Although ~~Bones~~ and I are a mere 240 miles away, we're right there with you all the way! I won't rest until I can arm you with everything I can put together with my imagination and some spare parts from the ship. New inventions will be coming your way as soon as I complete them. In fact, here are the latest ones:

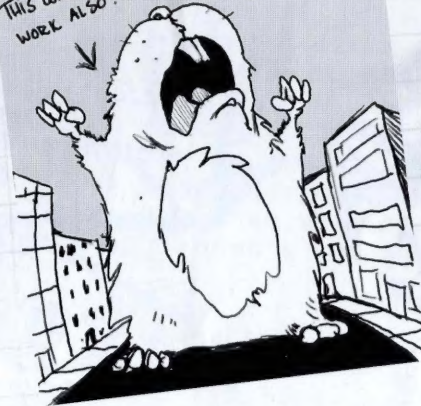


The Very Large ~~Hamster~~ Hammer: A smashing success that will vibrate the ground in a 12.9 (Richter scale) simulated earthquake. Launch it and run like the dickens!

The Dummy Decoy: Years being designed and then hand-painted to perfection, this decoy will be very helpful when wanting to avoid aliens. I knew one day my art skills would come in handy - I'm sure they won't even be able to tell the difference. Just throw it out and the aliens will be racked with confusion as to which of you is the REAL Kurt.

CONFIDENTIAL

THIS WOULD
WORK ALSO!

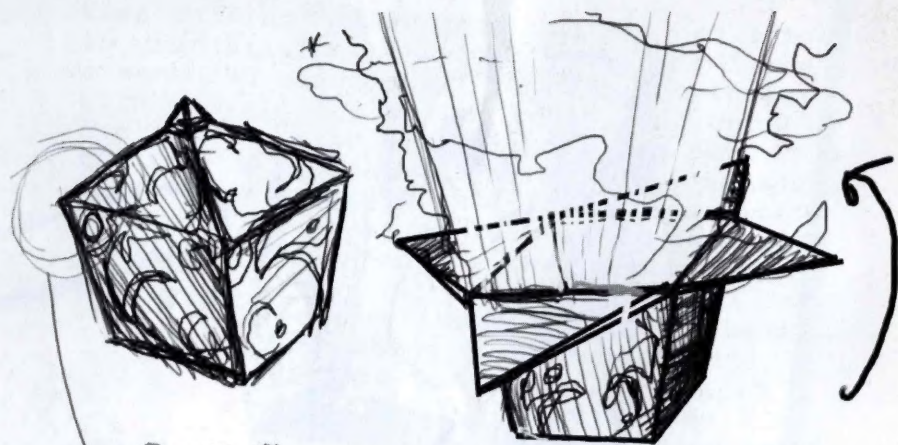


SELF
INFLATING!

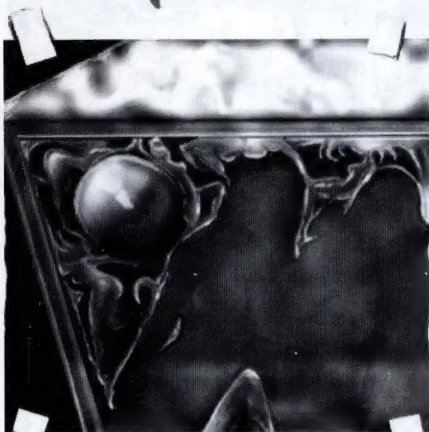


EASY TO
THROW

FUN FOR
THE WHOLE
FAMILY



DETAIL OF
METAL WORK



DEATH RAY
- SURPRISE -

WORLD'S MOST
INTERESTING
BOMB.

J253758

The World's Most Interesting Bomb:
This technology came from my research in motivating children to eat their vegetables, but now it certainly comes in handy in popping off the heads of alien invaders. Funny, eh? Just toss the bomb and watch 'em come running to it! They may be ruthless scavengers from space, but they have little chance of avoiding the alluring elements of this bomb! I've added sections to it that resemble the aliens themselves so you will not fall under the bomb's near-hypnotic spell.

If I come up with anything else, I'll have you test it 'in the field', that's what they used to say in the military, isn't it? As I won't be there to explain most of the weapons I'm dropping down to you, I'll try and make some kind of holographic projector to give you some clues as to their functions. The one thing they all will have in common is their ability to passively or aggressively allow you to separate the invaders from their current status as living creatures.

Well, Kurt, this is it. It's all up to you now. Don't worry about Bones and me, we'll keep busy up here. You just focus on the task at hand and you'll do us proud!

Oh, and sorry about the round-trip snafu. I'll figure out a way to get you back up here. Right now the smallest thing on the drafting table is about the size of a tank and you can't possibly put that on your back... but we will have fresh biscuits and tea waiting for you once you get back and save the Earth and all. I mean, it's the least we can do for a hero!

Oh, yes, and GET MOVING! ~~Bones~~ just dropped two special weapons down the chute and you'll need to catch up with them!! (I really need to develop a sedative for that dog!)

Now keep moving and keep your head down!

MAX'S GUIDE FOR THOSE WHO JUST CAN'T WAIT

ARROW KEYS — Move Kurt in that direction. Also
control aiming in sniper mode.

X — Use with left and right arrows key
to sidestep.

ALT — Jump/Parachute

SPACE — Enter/Exit Sniper Mode

CONTROL — Fire Weapon

SHIFT — Turbo Movement Speed

CAPS LOCK — Turbo Speed Toggle

A/Z — Look Up/Down or Sniper Zoom IN/Out

[OR] — Previous/Next Pick-up Item

0-9 — Select Specific Pick-up

ENTER — To use the selected pickup item.

ESCAPE — Quit/Abort

F1 — Help Screen

F2 — Save Game

F3 — Load Game

F10 — Quit/Abort

F11 — Change Brightness

F12 — Options Screen